

**THE CAPTAIN OF THE
"DOLPHIN" AND OTHER
POEMS OF THE SEA**

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The captain of the "Dolphin" and other poems of the sea by Frederick J. Johnston-Smith

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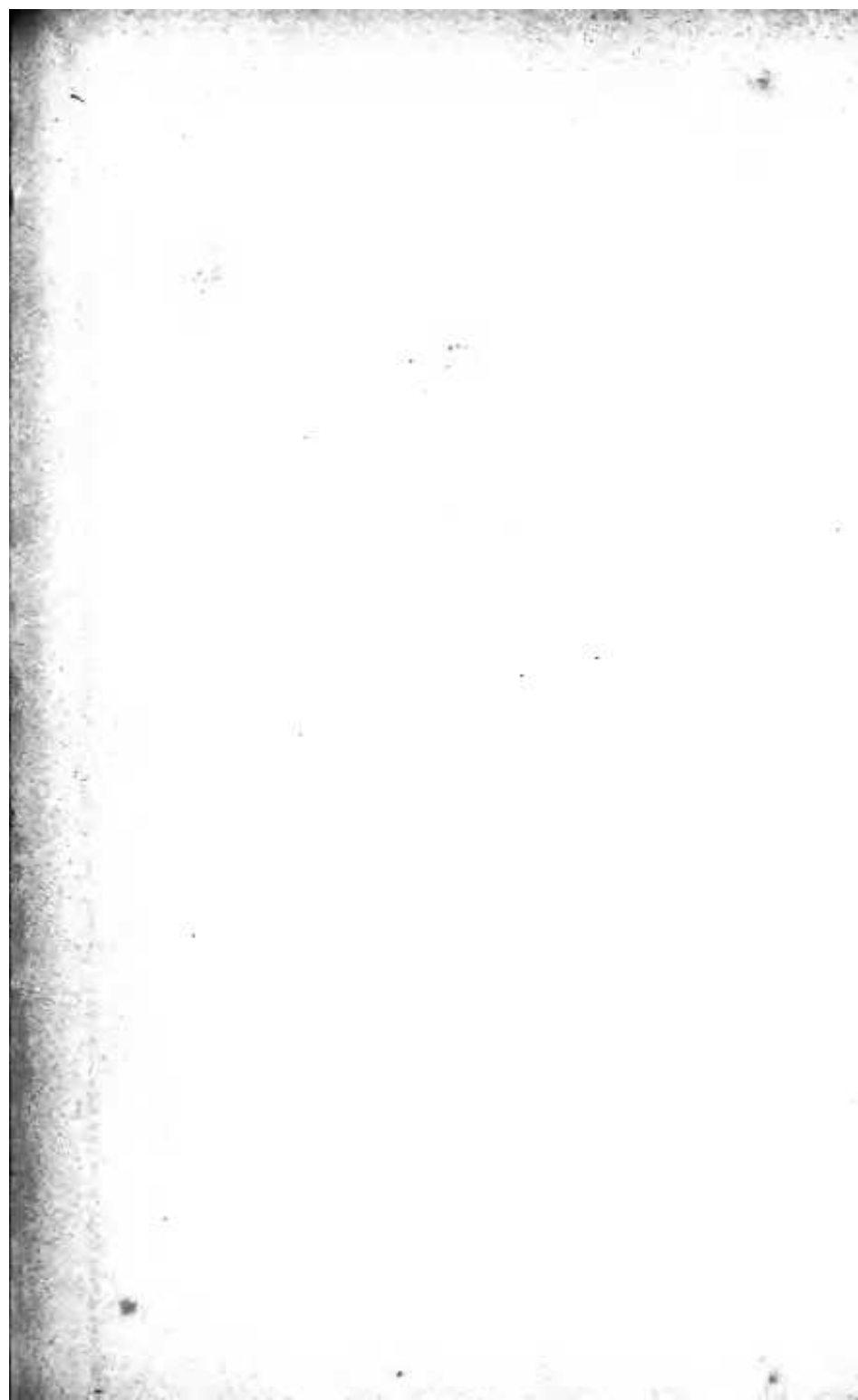
FREDERICK J. JOHNSTON-SMITH

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BY

FREDERICK J. JOHNSTON-SMITH

"The sea, that home of marvels"

W. E. GLADSTONE, *Juventus Mundi*

London

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WITH FONDEST AFFECTION
THE AUTHOR
DEDICATES THESE PAGES
TO
His Wife

953
J735
cap

PREFACE

AT a time when so many volumes of verse are placed before the public, the author feels that in venturing to add one more to the number, something approaching an apology is called for. He begs to offer it and call attention to a truth which in some degree excuses him. Though the British people are the greatest maritime nation the world has ever seen, and the command of the seas the object for which they are prepared to make any sacrifice, it is surprising how comparatively little English verse makes the sea and the sailor its theme. He ventures to hope, therefore, the maritime character of the following poems may save them from a cold rejection, if it does not insure for them some measure of welcome.

If the words of Byron, in *Childe Harold*, have for the reader the charm and truth they have for the author, he will be indulgent—

“I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror—'t was but a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

The use of a few nautical terms has been unavoidable. A glossary of those at all likely to be unfamiliar will be found in the appendix.